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THE ROCK MILLSTAID.

BY ALICE CARY.

The Reapers, the reapers!
How south and far and wide
They sow the golden grain!
They sow the seed to-day—
Their blithe song in the ear
The clouds stretched like bars,
And the gates of the twilight
Barricaded by stars.

O golden as sunlight
And sweet as the rain!
And to-day, to-day, but,
Shall to-day know?

The reapers, the reapers!
They sow and sow and sow;
They drop in the moonlight,
Away and away!
And upward and upward
How quickly they run,
Till the ear on the stalk
The lover to his mistress
And how I long
For the whispery boughs,
And I long to be leaning
And calling my name!

The pathways, the pathways!
How serenely they fall,
Through mint-beds, and daisies,
And roses, and lily!
By tracing their windings
Among the sweet flowers
And wending their variously
Down in by streams!
I hear the voices around,
To chase with its laughter,
And I long to be called,
And answer my name!

The reapers, the reapers!
Oh, if I must die,
Beneath their wild blossoms
Not let me lie!
Not there, not there, nay,
The reapers passing
The farmer and thresher
Across some range;
And where, at the season,
Beneath the green boughs,
The maids of the village
Come calling for me!

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Inserted according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SOUTHWOOD.

The most noisy and ostentatious influences of summer are not those which chiefly shape its fascinating. It is the sum of small and even inconspicuous things, acting in gentle continuity, that gives heat and character to the year. Plants, that in summer become dews; dews, that in winter are transformed to frosts; frosts unloosed and silken grasses; the up-oozing of moisture by hidden and silent roots; the fall of autumn leaves, and their subsequent to mould; the vital power of remote orbs, that shoot the earth with light, power, and heat, that move the tides, and swing the globe itself around its axis—these unintrusive and modest influences—these—illeast, precious, inviolate attractions—are the great workers of Nature.

Nor is the same true in the soul of man. The influential agents which determine destiny are often so small and minute that the very touch is not felt, nor the pressure discovered of things which change or fix the mind's habits, and the rising and falling desires, like mental day, changed like the day-dress of a summer day, were wearing channels in his soul, and directing energy to objects like life.

Nor could he tell what, at length, arrested the mental tendency, or what, gradually and gently bringing back hope and health to his aching, weary heart, it was, that from the moral nature, current it was, that from the period recorded in his journal, the distinguishing tendency of his mind was checked, and a contrary tendency was established. The facts themselves of self-torment seemed to have spent themselves. It is true that the progress toward health was imperceptible at any single point. But the mental symptoms had been entirely changed, and a contrary mood had been established.

Even more than ever before, he became a frequent visitor at Mr. Wentworth's. Both he talked with the daughter, and much with those that talked with the daughter. It was the want to converse upon theology or process, or of some virtue of some thing, although the subject matter was insignificant or even repulsive.

This is a well did not deceive his friends, but served to mask his delicacy, and secured a freedom and liberty which would have been otherwise impossible to use to sensitive.

Then, peculiarly sagacious in penetrating character, discerning, with a certain general way, and appreciated Barton's state of mind. Nor was she insensible to the attractions arising from the very troubles of so noble a nature.

The suffering of a great nature, if silently borne and uncomplainingly, is it restlessly affecting. In Barton there was the greatest energy and the greatest helplessness, the strength of a vigorous manhood and infantine weakness. To summon upon his will seemed eminently fortunate. He was the envied man of the village. Every one predicted the most auspicious future. But Rose knew that all the outward portion was hollowed out and made empty by the despoiler of his mind.

When Cathcart met Rose in the presence of others, he joined in the common conversation or in the amusements with a gaiety that rendered his presence charming. But no sooner were they thrown together alone than to Rose he began speaking of deeper themes, and in a tone of earnest, and, also, almost resolutehit enthusiasm. She could not but perceive that to her he brought the treasure of his inmost, deepest nature. Nor could Rose hide from herself the declaration of such an intercourse. It was a spirit signed for help. This unconscious and artless fashion was exquisite. A woman's pity often opens the door to love.

But equally strong is the need of looking up, of worshipping. Man must lean, and his needs strength to lean upon; if she must look up, then there must be some one higher than she to look up to. Therefore there must be in her imagination something of divinity to call for a worship. A woman must gain, but easily possess otherwise to live with men. The quickening of their reciprocal imaginations, the discovery and full sense that that the busiest cannot, by his strength and goodness, possess the heart and be sure in love, at length produce a great crisis. Some easily yield up the citadel, call it romance, and consent to live a life of feeble and fitful love, which has in it no vivacity, and much contempt. Others there are, of finer mind, who cannot lose faith in Love, though they sadly mistake that, they have missed it. They know that there is a life which they never live; that there must be some one of their hearts a love so great, so pure, so intense and satisfying, that all other experiences of fortune would, in comparison, be of little moment. Happily and Fortunately have no light to fill the vault of life when Love is eclipsed or has gone down. But if Love does not appear every other light may go out, and it will fill the life with a light that shall make poverty and hunger, and sickness and toil bright and joyous.

Many and many a heart there is that has missed its aim, confessed its defeat. Some, then, overcome their sufferings, have changed, as if to pass by difficulties what they have not in concentrated form. Some bury their fever and their pain in a grave of sensuality, with sorrow, and yet with hope. Hope on! There is a fresh morning for every night, and that unfailing for love, is faithful to the end!

Rose was, and is, a woman who knew Sorrow, and, set up in inspiration, that she must live upward, and that the men to whom he heart should go forth must be found on an upward path, not on any level, but along an upward road. It was the want of that overshadowing power in Barton, the want of that commanding energy, which left her affections in warm friendship, but failed to ripen them into love. It was a long or Barton was not, and he, of himself—so long as he carried a divided life—could not bring to her a whole heart. It was not the to that calmness of strength and fulness of which she was in need. Her affections as birds are drawn to build and sing in the boughs of a great tree.

But, whatever might have been the result, the present promised but well, and was unconsciously led in a wiser way.

Mr. Hayward had not been seen in the residence of Dr. Bartlett, but he was an accustomed of his journal. But he was an accustomed visitor at the Southwood. The sequence of some painful struggles, Mr. Thomas J. Hayward was an event intimately connected with the whole village life.

Heywood proper had an only sister living, and at that time, joined to the reputation of the place for wealth and social severity, Mr. Hayward chose Norwood in preference to any other. He had been a political exile from New England for a summer's resort. No considerable business had existed between these two sisters. His mother had married early and strong and lived in the South. The sisters had met together, utterly different tastes and sensibilities, and never could exist together. So it was, each imagined the other to be what she was not, and to be what the imagined that she was.

Heywood, or as he always called himself and was called in his home, Tom Heywood, was a thoroughly New England boy, with many merchants, uniting a certain lofty air to a great practicality.

To be reared in wealth may or may not be a blessing. Where there is a large constitution, a mind of good quality and healthy tone, wealth is a positive advantage. It gives elastic and liberty, surely this is to be desired. But where there is little in the mind, or where it is false and people, and companions are to be expected that a young man's head will be turned, and that young man's head will be turned, however, stout quite will upon his shoulders, he is probable that he perceives the good impression which he has made wherever he goes. Without inheriting carefully with which his father's fortune has been collected, and his advances he will early toward humility. In honest truth, there are few more unfortunate things in life than to be very attractive, and that when he should be in a position of public admiration. Tom Heywood, he had only to pass through the ordinary processes of approach and acquaintance, to cause persons himself to let who else, to be duly and properly recognized. This effigies of his conduct was almost unknown to himself. It was the unconscious effect upon a sensitive and favorable nature of having been a supreme favorite from childhood. But it did not stain through and affect his manners. It remained latent, restrained, from expression by good sense and good breeding. On his first visit to Norwood he spent but a summer, visiting very little except in his aunt's family. So well was he pleased that the next season he returned early, with the purpose of study as well as amusement. And although for a time he preferred rooms at the Mansion House, toward autumn he accepted the continuous solicitations of his aunt and her husband, and became a boarder of their family, and took the place of a son, their only child, who had died a few years before, just as he was entering upon manhood.

"MR. ED. CHITTENDEN, THAT'S A GOOD HALF-SECONDS—NO CONTEMPTUOUS ASIDE!"

It was said by those who thought they knew, that it was Josiah Chandler's intention to make a long search over the whole country before he bestowed his matrimonial favors upon any one. Many have been, there can be no reasonable doubt that Mrs. Chandler's principal object in bringing Miss Jane for her when it had been on the eve of her to secure her son's attentions to Miss Jane Wentworth.

Mr. Thomas J. Hayward was a native of Wentworth. And during the summer of 1838, he was a boarder at the Southwood.

Heywood to his sister.

"My Dear Ella,—Despite of your predictions, I am settled in Norwood! It is not a huge jumble of brickes, as you predicted, nor a noisy manufacturing town swarming with operatives. On the contrary, I find an extremely attractive village, of a few thousand inhabitants, nestled down close upon the Connecticut river, and in sight of goodly hills. To be sure, there appear to be as they are here called, would cast a sorry figure by the side of the mountains in old Vermont, but they are quite convincing in their way. I quite admire the good taste and elegance of these Yankee villages, especially as I approve of setting back the houses and separating them from the street by deep ornamental yards. There is an air of elegance and of seclusion about the buildings which, if like our village houses, they were placed on the very line of the street without greenery or grounds, they would be out of having.

"Behold me, then, prying and spying about as I go, but just as a boy, especially, consisting of when Henry C. Carey need on the school! Expect from me an accurate description of sport; nothing of horses or hounds; nothing of hunting or fishing; nothing of horse-jockeyness, which I am expected actually to have become a part of my life. Not a bit of it, I assure you! I am a quiet, sedentary fellow, and I intend to be. I already feel my face sensibly longer, and my hair sensibly thinner. I am getting much more indolent than! I no longer spend my mornings in bed, but I do not get up earlier than ever. I ask the price of every thing, turn it over in my mind, and then let it alone. I make a great question of the relation of price to cost of production, and then I do not buy. I am a great changer with solemnity. When you are among the Bunkers, etc. The man wearing I can look thing. If you should come hither, do look out for a stubborn-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, with a cherry cravat flaming at his throat, and a face so unintelligent that you would be afraid to speak to him, lest he should answer you in Greek. He is a good fellow, only less formidable in genius, but it is certain to be a favorite with the ladies. Any one accepting the invitation will be duly and properly introduced. This effigies of my conduct was almost unknown to himself. It was the unconscious effect upon a sensitive and favorable nature of having been a supreme favorite from childhood. But it did not stain through and affect his manners. It remained latent, restrained, from expression by good sense and good breeding. On his first visit to Norwood he spent but a summer, visiting very little except in his aunt's family. So well was he pleased that the next season he returned early, with the purpose of study as well as amusement. And although for a time he preferred rooms at the Mansion House, toward autumn he accepted the continuous solicitations of his aunt and her husband, and became a boarder of their family, and took the place of a son, their only child, who had died a few years before, just as he was entering upon manhood.

As all my efforts are no deception! What would I imagine it they saw me at home!

"Another thing,—and horrible to relate,—I am learned that there is a race-ground at Springfield, hardly twenty miles from here! Is this New England? Have I not held my peace, as if even in spread of field-sports would banish me from all respect! I am informed that while racing is discouraged trotting is so much in vogue, that, in agricultural fairs, it constitutes the chief attraction!

"How does that compare with our notions of Puritan simplicity? Then I know well I may find myself in the old land and rigorous people may have, under their cities, as much haste as I have, and more luxurious, if abstract way of sowing it.

"I must draw rein, or my postscript will be longer than my letter. A woman's postscript, you know, is said to contain the gist of the matter, or, as you would say, the letter is the pleat, and the postscript the bullet. Again, fare thee well!

T. H."

Heywood to his mother.

"Dear Dear Hal, for your long and substantial letter. You are the best of all correspondents.

"Your letters are pictures. Strange, that a sheet of paper, with mere lines and wonderful, should bring before the mind more clearly than painting could do objects which they only suggest by the law of association, but they represent in the slightest degree in form or color! After reading your letter, do I not see the cardboard house in living form? father—tall, dignified, forty, and yet running over with fun—every day blushing out at something, and yet cheery, plausible, and generous to a fault!

"Do I not see Sue and Mary romping! and Sue, tall, slender, with that good-natured, loving courage, rousing like Miller Globe's wheel,—from whipped, and yet grinding good grain within! I really am a genius of home-sickness so I can quench heart-thirst was of remembrance. Behold your charming account of Rainbow—coming home from the garden with flowers for the breakfast table. But homesickness is nervous, and I am getting shaking and sorrowy now. Let us speak heart-thirst was of remembrance.

"I am such a heavy dog, I can do, and matters of fact, without any genius. I am reading up the Yankee people with the view, like other Columbus, of discovering a new world. Of course, I shall not find that every account one studies of the world will be found chimera for Hawthorne's tales. They are, I suppose, to me to be found originals of the characters which he has built: Already I feel my face sensibly longer, and my hair sensibly thinner. I am getting much more indolent than! I no longer spend my mornings in bed, but I do not get up earlier than ever. I ask the price of every thing, turn it over in my mind, and then let it alone. I make a great question of the relation of price to cost of production, and then I do not buy. I am a great changer with solemnity. When you are among my own people in New England you will find a great question of the relation of price to cost of production, and then I do not buy. I am a great changer with solemnity. When you are among the Bunkers, etc. The man wearing I can look thing. If you should come hither, do look out for a stubborn-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, with a cherry cravat flaming at his throat, and a face so unintelligent that you would be afraid to speak to him, lest he should answer you in Greek. He is a good fellow, only less formidable in genius, but it is certain to be a favorite with the ladies. Any one accepting the invitation will be duly and properly introduced. This effigies of my conduct was almost unknown to himself. It was the unconscious effect upon a sensitive and favorable nature of having been a supreme favorite from childhood. But it did not stain through and affect his manners. It remained latent, restrained, from expression by good sense and good breeding. On his first visit to Norwood he spent but a summer, visiting very little except in his aunt's family. So well was he pleased that the next season he returned early, with the purpose of study as well as amusement. And although for a time he preferred rooms at the Mansion House, toward autumn he accepted the continuous solicitations of his aunt and her husband, and became a boarder of their family, and took the place of a son, their only child, who had died a few years before, just as he was entering upon manhood.

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brought the best one first. If you'd neglected this, you'd certainly have got a poor one."

"Well, I like him so much," said I, next day, "that I am willing to pay you twice as much as I promised," offering him two ten-dollar bills. Hiram took one of them, folded it carefully, put it in his wallet, and then looking in an amazing way at the head of some president of a bank, engraved on the other bill, he began to smile—quite. "Yes, old fellow—quite!—a good deal of a bull—no doubt rich as another land. Made it all yourself, too. I know you brought us just what folks said. I guess you paid twice as much as you promised! That's the way bereavements in New England. That's the way we get rich, and with that he laughed down in his belly, though only a sniff or two came out of his face. Sundays, me buck my money, with very much the benignant air with which a reluctant father gives to a forfeited jackknife to a repentant boy, he returned me in a most edifying manner.

"I've seen a good many men from your parts. They come up here every summer, and are very fruit of money. They think they can buy everything. They fall to with a law sort of benignity and generous, sure hungerers, and such creature will take as long as you will give. Lord, sir, they are like a barrel with two bungholes, one atop and the other under. You bung your in all day and they won't fill up. But they are not our people. The last in, we, ancient men work hard, and have to. We know the value of time, and stuff, and work, and if we weren't close as hair we should all be in the poorhouse. But there is a sight of difference between being tight and being mean. Now, I'm as close as money be but a right to it, and to the last cent, as you see again and again, but I'm not a man's arm'd it, He's a mean case if he takes it anyhow, unless it's extremely sick, very lame, and hain't got no children, nor relations, nor a shred of color to the poorhouse. That's the very difference between an Injianer and a Yankee; a Yankee wants his own money, an Injianer wants yours."

"I was too much amused to find fault with Hiram's wit, especially as he gave me to understand that he highly esteemed my judgment in stable matters, and in the under society of the town, you may be sure Hiram knew everybody, and takes my reputation; for he is the oracle."

RETURNED TO HIS MEMORY.

"MY DEAR HAL.—You may guess at once the character of my acquaintances, and compliment me upon the improvements which will appear when I return from this mysterious land of the Hottentoes, &c. It would be a pity that you should fall of your own enjoyment since I certainly have mine. Nothing people, in a community where work is the badge of society, could not present the value and personal excellence of working man in a different state of society where nothing is more honorable than labor; nothing more low or mere, perfume it where men are taught from childhood that work is honor and honor and glory can be no personality so much as possible independent of either body or mind. Fancy a community where a large part of the dress which, with us, servants are expected to receive as a stock, and have already been paid for. As a student of political economy, I begin to perceive facts and truths, about this mysterious institution, which I could never have learned but by living among them. The common progress of such communities give tone and character to all that they are intelligent, legislative, endlessly curious of knowledge, and accustomed to discuss and argue every question that arises. They are readers of books and devourers of newspapers—you would be impossible to find in all New England, in the crowded and ruinous provinces, such ridiculous of impudent ignorance as we have at home, on every hand.

"But you require what other acquaintances I have dressed? Legion, and most agreeable ones. What intimacies have ensued? Well, less one-sociationship as yet. I am becoming every where rated in a young man here, who has been teaching some time in the left college, and who has signed anything for the public. But some trouble of mind, I know but what, some years hence, I may awaken, and be now, in his leisure, studying law with Judge Bacon, and we are much thrown together.

"I cannot find that there is more than the love of science that takes Baron Cuhnert to the World-wide's wonders. There is a Miss Rose Wentworth, you should understand, whom, not her fortune, but her accomplishments have enabled to take the first station in society there. It is surprisingly attractive. She is learned, I am told, and excessively admired by the Hills and Forest, as all nations, as the southern Indians of Florida, and even as the Arabs. This wonderful creature was inherited from her father, Dr. Rose Wentworth, one of the tenderest hearts ever fitted by the Lord to adoration of his daughter. This I am told by friends of the doctor, who have seen him, upon any one of a man of remarkable skill in his profession, but as an original nature is an utter curiosity, and with the surrounding people as an equal with the rank in which it is found. Dr. Wentworth, Bacon, an astute New-England man, himself a notable inventor, and Dr. Wentworth was a character naturalist with a practical shell on. By the way, Bacon's own sister and his nephew, Hiram Alice Calhoun, was at Dr. Wentworth's yesterday. Alice her brother, she is remarkable. Both of them have high blood—I know it by the clearness of her features, the fine fibre of her hair, and the whole face and form represents the higher breed—almost—and intelligence, and that organic, more than the animal nature; and this is what I call high breeding.

"The two young ladies, Miss Rose and Miss Alice, are of an age to be a slight and a day, and call themselves the twins with two natures.

"My acquaintances are limited and casual. With Judge Bacon, more than with any one, I have had much intercourse. He is one whom I might have been born in Virginia. What higher commendation could I pay?

"But I find many bachelors families here, and were I a bachelor I might rest, my time from moving to sight in agreeable company. But I have a wife and baby [before than one, and so I'm not settled. Why I say that I am cooling dishonor that you should rather hear of sports, horses, poor."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—If there be a situation wherein women may be deemed to appropriate angelic attributes, it is when she minister, as only woman can, to the wants and the weaknesses of the invalid; Whose hands like those are smooth his pillow? whose voice so effectually silences the querulousness of pain? Profferd by her the anodyne of his disease? Proffered by her the viand hath an added zest, and even the most morose unpleasant is divested of its boisterousness.

Let us beware of judging ourselves by what others think of us.

THE LOVER'S WARNING.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

With the exception of myself, we were a merry party as we sat around the glowing, bright fire that lighted up the old parlor in which Rose singled out from all other sights to be the most attractive.

My lively cousin, Kate, and her pet friend, Emily Gray, were there, and myself and a host of young men, and Aunt Mary's cozy parlor. My three cousins had been busy preparing up their dress and my feelings by nothing of the bigger and spiritual manifestations with which our meeting were crowned. At last Kate turned to me and exclaimed, in a quick, sudden way:

"Why, do you believe in ghosts?"

"I don't know, I am sure," I answered, musingly. "In all my life, until lately, children, I am lost in the mood to believe in anything horrible, supernatural or otherwise. I was never so completely overcast within the blue mists of the vapors in my life."

"Well, you have been acting like it," said Rose, with one of her arrows at sparing, "You have hardly spoken a word this evening; and where you sigh once you sigh a dozen. And you have looked like a statue of grief upon a tombstone, smiling at patience, or whatever it is."

"That's a very successful quotation," laughed Will, in his lazy manner, "and certainly Miss Jack Weir has neglected us all shamefully since Jack went away."

This was very true. Since the departure of Jack, a few days before, I had been depressed with a most unusual and unaccountable melancholy. It was not for the absence of Jack. We had been separated by time and distance many times before since our acquaintance, but on this occasion I had been sad from the moment of his departure.

"O Jack, dear Jack!" I whispered when he left the hall, "I am sad, very sad, and I do not feel as though I shall never see you again."

"Nonsense, Milly," he answered, gaily; "then in a lower tone, unheard except by myself, he said, "I will see you on my return from the city, and expect me on Thursday, my little girl." And he was gone.

All now I was the third day, and Thursday evening, and I had not seen him. Time, he had written, would detain him for a week. True, he had only gone to the city, but I was in a strange mood that he might never come home, and there had been no occasion to write me, for I knew that he would not. Jack was a man of honor and would keep his word to me, for the space of nearly two years, before the time of his departure, since and the town where he had gone were few and near, and it was in vain that I endeavored to struggle against the fears and doubts that beset my mind.

While my gay companions were in the most grateful calmness laughing over me, and, as if with a perverse pleasure of driving away my melancholy, Kate, Rose and Will persisted in recounting to each other all the ludicrous stories, murders, of ghostly warnings, of haunting especially of dire and awful nature, I sat by the fire, their memories were filled, especially to overflowing, and I was left to my thoughts, and I hoped I was rid of my heeding thoughts for the time being, when Rose, turning to me, with a look that seem brought them all back, with, it seemed, double force, and exclaimed, with a most provoking laugh that those who asked had already harbored:

"Now, Milly, come from this to rest, from end to end, from corner to corner, and tell us what you think of the dolphin of the house! Come, we are all ready, I repeated, as if with an agony of impatience, "I wish you would not ask me. I would rather not."

"Nonsense, you must and shall," cried Rose, with a sudden terrible emit of almost deadly paleness, perhaps because he might never reach me no—never again I never again!" I repeated to myself, reproachfully; and then I told them my story, which I will now present to the heart. "Heaven forbid that he should have written on a journey such a thing as that, or served to be punished for having wished it," and I was about to continue, when Rose turned to me, turned to his promise: "I will be with you on the first day from the city."

In that form I had repeated his words ever since he left me, and I saw in every presence a shadow

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

BY FANNY CROSBY.

I am happy, said the Lily,
In my quiet, shady nook,
For I listen to the music
Of the robin and the brook;
There are few, perhaps who love me,
In this lone, secluded spot,
Yet I'm glad and the Lily,
And the Rose I envy not.

I can see her joyous sunshine,
And her pleasure-loving throng,
While her beauty and her fragrance
Are the pride of every bower;
Yet sometimes I am lonely,
Though I share an humble lot,
I am happy, said the Lily,
And the Rose I envy not.

We must never look with envy
On the wealthy or the gay,
In the cosiest nook we may
Find a blessing every day;
There is virtue in contentment,
Though we share an humble lot,
We'll be happy, like the Lily,
And the Rose we'll envy not.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

On a cloudless midsummer afternoon, had the reader been with me, he might have seen in a beautiful valley, not far from the coast of an old New England state, a fine, elegant, young lad of fifteen and a little girl of twelve summers, both possessing handsome county mid attractiveness. The young man's countenance was large-boned, very manly-looking and ruddy, but would win an exclamation of unqualified delight, as her eyes rested upon its loveliness. The two seemed deeply absorbed in conversation, and the peculiar earnestness of the boy told that he was not in the most amiable mood.

"So you are sorry you ever came, I suppose," he exclaimed, "and you will be so taken with Cousin Walter when he comes home, say as well may home—a thing he fully intends to do. I guess the way of your father need have adopted him, unless it was to tease me."

"Why, Willy, how strangely you talk! You know his father died last month, leaving him alone in the world, and my father was his nearest intimate friend, so he promised to adopt Cousin. I'm quite very unkind to suppose he will stay home because he is coming." The tears gathered here, but she kept on as she turned to second the step.

"Ada," said the boy, as he placed himself quickly before her, "I promise one thing before you leave me, and I'll play with you as often as ever. Promise that you will never love that boy as well as you do me. Will you say that, Ada?"

"Yes—I promise," replied the little girl, as she bounded up the marble steps, while Walter ran down to the road, and was soon concealed by other associates near by, the shade of his father, whose fine, tall, well-known and loved physique could be plainly discerned.

Almost an hour later Mr. Rowland returned from his journey to the distant home of his best friend, and after giving a kiss upon each cheek of his darling Ada, and greeting his sister Emma, who, since the death of the wife of Ada's mother, was housekeeper and mother also to his motherless one, he led Ada to a sofa, looking her that kind, encouraging look, saying:

"Daughter, this is your brother Cousin Walter."

"I wish you'd have him very dearly, now sister Ada, and look welcome to Trove Hill also."

The child drew back for a moment as she looked at the tall boy, who appeared to be about fifteen years old, whose handsome features were flushed almost shortly upon her, she shyly kissed the blushing cheek of the handsome young stranger.

As time rolled on, and the children progressed rapidly in their friendship and happiness, Cousin became the pride of Mr. Rowland's heart. Generous, firm and true in his principles, his gratitude and affection towards his adopted parent were manifested in every lively act. There was a gentleness in his movements, as affability in his address, so different from his roughness of boys in general, that he won all hearts and well merited the love so lavishly bestowed upon him.

But Constant Llewellyn had passed through much sorrow and trouble in his short life, that he could not be so light-hearted as Walter; the death of his mother had left a coldness and carelessness around his young heart that made him almost the victim of his companions of the gay and laughter-loving kind; so, while he became passionately fond of his adopted sister, she remained true to her promise, ever reserving her warmest affection for her early friend, his wild, reckless ways and fun-making.

Time passed on, and the two boys being now sixteen years, Dr. Meredith and Mr. Rowland concluded, after a long consultation, quite contrary to the wishes of the boys, they informed that they were to go to a boarding institution in London. A week more, the sunday preparations begun in each family, and the day for all to say farewell for their departure. The day came, and with it the farewell, and when Ada followed the carriage down the road with her eyes, and saw Walter wave his cap for the last time, she turned into the house, and Constant, she burst into tears, and felt that she should be lonely indeed, when they were gone.

Reader, we will allow six years to pass before we recommence our story, and will do doing so must introduce our little friend, Ada Rowland, as a young lady of fourteen, yet beautiful and fascinating as ever. She was sitting by the parlor window of a cluster of evening, were had been gathering around, but as the fated few eyes on the trees without, it was evident to a half young gentleman who was reclining on a sofa near, that her thoughts were far away. They were indeed, for the dreamed of Walter Meredith, who was now still, but who had been publicly expelled from college, after beating a rally difficult to London. Ada did not believe the bad accounts that had reached her of the character of the young man; she could not believe him so destitute of principle as report whispered, but she knew that proud, generous boy, had lived him from childhood, and had continued to love him a year before, so though he his request their engagement remained a secret, and the tears trembled on the rosy silken lashes as she dreamed on of her betrothed, but they were quickly crushed by the drooping lids, but the dark eyes she knew were the deepest gaze of which man's love could be expressive them, however, for could a shadow cross the path of Ada and the loving Constant was not rather in appearance?

"You are very pensive," said he, leaving the sofa for a seat by her side; "there are tears in your eyes as well as you not tell me what brought them there?"

"I was thinking of the sad things said of Walter, Constant, that was all," was the truthful reply.

Ada was pressed over her companion's face, as he heard those words, which had a very pain while his voice trembled as he said:

"Walter is not worthy of those tears, and I grieve to see you shed them." He paused, and a long silence ensued, broken by Mr. Rowland's entrance, who informed Constant that the carriage was waiting, as he wished his company on a drive of fourteen import that evening, and leaving the room they were soon on their way.

"Ada, you are very pensive," said Mr. Rowland, as he took a free homeward. "What is the trouble, my child?"

"Nothing in particular," returned he, somewhat surprised.

"Come, do not deny it, child, for I know those symptoms. You are in love, and Ada let me tell. You are in love, my dear boy, and tell me if I guess truly."

"You are right, my dear sir," was the low reply.

"I am glad to hear it, Con. I never was more delighted, for I have looked forward to that for years," exclaimed Mr. Rowland. "But what says Ada? Tell me all, Constant, for you know my interest in your welfare."

"Ada does not return any love, I fear," said the young man, sadly.

"Not return it—what do you mean? Have you asked her to?"

"No, sir, I have not spoken to her upon the subject for years."

"Pshaw! she does love you; it is only a lover's fears. Ask her, ask her soon, love you must; and let me know her reply immediately. Perhaps I may find out something for you. Love asks love," and, she shall be your wife. I decided that years ago, by my own mind; for I do not wish to divide my property—as I shall have you marry Ada, and love it, you both. Here we are home again, Con., and good success do I wish to your suit."

So saying, he threw the reins to a servant, and helped his daughter and Constant, disappeared.

"Returned, so soon?" said Ada, as Constant entered the parlor.

"Soon, Ada? we have been gone two hours and a half, love."

"Is it possible? I had no idea it was so late."

"Does the time always seem so very short, Ada, when I am away?" said Constant, with a reproachful tone. "Ada, no—no, Ada, don't!" replied she, as he attempted to kiss her.

"Why? do not go, Ada," exclaimed Constant, in a tone of disappointment, as she disappeared, "I have something to say to you."

Then, clasping his hands, with passionate entreaty, he poured forth the story of his love—how, from boyhood, from the time he first saw her, she was the idol of his heart, and how it grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and how, during his long banishment, it lost no longer. As Ada listened, the blood rushed to her temples, and she was on the point of fainting.

"Do not tell me more—it grieves me to hear this?"

"Ada, why should it grieve you?" asked he, glancing anxiously at her averted face.

"Because I cannot love you as you should be loved, dear Constant?"

"Because I cannot love you as you should be loved, dear Constant?"

"One word more, Ada,—let me know the worst. Is there another?"

Pale still grew the cheek of Constant, as he asked, "Yes!" and he sank in a chair; then, with a calm, he exclaimed:

"Ada, may God help you, my poor child! For a sad life lies before you."

Then he rose and disappeared.

"Ada, are you alone?" said a low voice under the window, as when ada was left alone, ten minutes after Constant had left.

"Oh, Walter! Walter!" she was the joyful reply, as she leaned forward to speak to the person without.

"Ada, my dearest, he was standing by the window, with her hand clasped in his.

"I am alone, and so glad to see you! Come in."

"No, Ada, I must not; I am here to say farewell, and I can only stay one moment. Dearest, I have but a few hours to stay in London, come to bid you a long farewell, as I leave home for a distant land. Ada, will you say to me, 'God bless you, Walter?'"

"Walter!" gasped the poor girl, "Walter, and where, do you go?"

"Ada, I cannot tell—I cannot speak low, as we shall be overheard, and dare I am undone. Come with me, Ada, and I will explain all to you all. There," added he, as a moment after she walked by his side, "now I can tell you, but oh, Ada darling, when will we walk this path together?"

And, folding her passionately to his bosom, he poured forth the story of his love, and how, with all his faults, Walter Meredith fondly loved his beautiful cousin, Ada Rowland.

"Do not grieve, love," whispered he, as a burst of grief from the lips of the young maiden told how deeply she grieved. "Ada, I am not worthy of your love, but I will be worthy of it. Ada, I am not worthy of your love, but I will be worthy of it. Ada, I am not worthy of your love, but I will be worthy of it.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. Any person pretending to be an agent for us can not show his credentials from us.

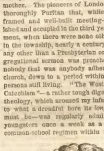
RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. II.

OUR FOLKS AT LONDONDERRY.

The current notion that the Puritans were a sour, morose, ascetic people—objecting, as Macaulay says, to bear-baiting, not that it gave pleasure to the spectator—is not justified by my recollections, nor by the traditions handed down through my mother. The pioneers of Londonderry were no thoroughly Puritan that, while their religion framed and well-built meeting-house was finished and occupied in the third year of its settlement, with there were made other bad log huts in the township, hardly a century elapsed before any other than a Presbyterian or orthodox Congregational sermon was preached therein, and nobody that was anybody adhered to any other church, down to a period within the memory of persons still living. The Westminster Shorter Catechism "—a rather tough digest of Calvinistic theology, which assumed my infantile wonder up to what it brought into the deeper consciousness must be—was regularly administered to the youngsters once a week as a preparation for our common-school regimen within my experience.



REV. MATTHEW CLARK.

and we were compelled to affirm that "God having one of his sons good pleasure from all eternity, elected some to everlasting life, &c., &c., as though it were next of kin to the proposition that two and two make four. If there was anywhere a community entirely, thoroughly Puritan, such was Londonderry down to at least 1810, or the middle of my day. And yet there was more humor, more play, more fun, more merriment, in that Puritan community than can be found anywhere in the anxious, dawdling age. All were homespun; most, yet seldom were any absolutely destitute; coarse clothes, made in other and simpler days of the material which the wearer or those or four years, had made themselves, were common; but cheerful eyes, though dull, were rarely to be seen. Work was engaged in gayly and fine linen, and ruddiness of complexion and healthy vigor were the rule with each other through long winter nights with a vigor and zest hardly enjoyed at Almack's or in Fifth Avenue mansions. Their neighborhoods were far more generously sociable and more expensive than are the average in our day; for not to be hospitable was a disgrace, and to plead disorder or inhospitableness; and all who were invited expected to eat and drink heartily some of the best that could be had. A general discharge of mockery throughout this religious household ushered in a wedding-day; and the bridegroom's party, starting from his house, would be met by the bride's at a point half way to hers, when one of each party was chosen to "run the bottle" to the bride's house; and whichever won the race returned with the prize to the waiting assembly; which, having drank all around, proceeded under a decoying fire of mockery, to their destination; where—the ceremony now returned with the prize in triumph—was resumed and continued, with alternate feasting and dancing, often till noon of the next day.

Nor was this the worst. Our neighbors, the Scotch-Irish from Ireland, were generally poor in the old country, knowing that prosperity and independence were not for them; and the house in which by a corps of neighbors, was often built in a single day, the night with sympathizing friends who, despite their poverty, generously proceeded to drown their sorrow in the strong drink supplied in abundance, whereby ordinary transformations were sometimes wrought from plaintive grief to exuberant joy and boisterous hilarity. Funerals were attended by nearly every one who fashionably heard of them, and all would have felt insulted if not asked to drink at least twice; while those who remained by the grave were entitled by usage to a third glass, and at least a lunch, on their return. As none were yet rich, while many were quite poor on their arrival, many families were absolutely prevented by the expenses imposed on them by the funeral of a deceased member; while if a wedding and a funeral had occurred within a few months in a household, it could hardly have escaped ruin. Happily, living in frugal plenty almost wholly on their own products, spending much of their time in vigorous exercise in the open air, and having but one other wedding while they had great temerity of life; so that funerals were few and far between.

The pioneers of Londonderry brought with them the Potato, which, though its earliest origin was hardly known in New England till they introduced it from Ireland, where it had already taken root and flourished. Some of them having spent their first winter in a corn-field in a neighboring settlement of Massachusetts, learned there how a few of the raised ashcra, were very duly tended by those to whom they belonged; but, the blade being cut off when the ear reached the seed-bulbs from the stalks and tried to cook them separately; but by no boiling, stewing, or steaming could they render them palatable, and they gave it up that those Scotch-Irish had unaccountable tastes.

Next spring, however, when the garden was duly plowed, the large, fair "surplus" were rolled out in generous abundance, and, being judiciously tasted, were pronounced quite admirable. Like too many ignorant people, these workers in understanding had begun at the wrong end. They could never have made the mistake in Londonderry; yet it is related that the second of two ever seen there was received as a present from a Boston friend, and, being duly boiled as a vegetable, and served in high dudgeon was unanimously pronounced detestable, and put out of doors.

Flaxseed was brought from Ireland by the pioneers, and the growth of flax and production of linen were long more important elements of the industry and trade of Londonderry, though every spreading, from the sowing of the seed to the bleaching of the cloth, was effected by the simplest manual labor; and I can personally testify that "breaking flax" in the dad, old way, is the most exercising hard work to which a young boy can be set. Assisted, resolute man could hardly make wherewith to wash at it now if no one material were given him. When the manners of the people had been a neighborhood gathering—the coffee, boiling then happily unknown—each took a turn at "the breaks" and "the scutching-mill," whether she had been born to it or not. Some of the "breaks" are still on for home to a convenient "stint," which, when finished, entitled the worker to "play" with and advantage's spinning wheel, which, in my early days, was quite common in most of the houses and huts; but, as this is still, by no other sound and seems a poorly out of date from the flax grown on our farm, bleaching it to a suitable whiteness, and spinning it in the intervals of a meadow, and watering it thrice per day from a neighboring brook.

Poor folks have their vanities as well as the rich. Most of the pioneers had been small farmers or artificers "at home"; and the rude log huts, which were the first lordships, gave to many good wives to involve a sacrifice, not of comfort, but of pride and taste. Hence it is related of the Merricans, who were among the first settlers, that they were frequently visited against the contemplated homestead until it burned their new log hut to the ground, when the aspirations continued: "Lawed, sawed, now John, it's been much better to log again, make it a big matter nor the first—in less higher than ever."

The settlers knew that their homespun garments (often of two) contained scarcely with the trim, dapper apparel of the polished continent of more refined communities; but they were not thereby discouraged. Though Burns had not yet sprung his immortal cry to assert so decided their log cabins that he would have been welcomed and admired in any of them. Hence it was indeed a time of rejoicing when the first frame house was erected, and the first glass window was seen; for it was one a young British officer, whose wealth suffice to entitle him to a commission in the army of rival battalions, and so fixed the gaze of the young damsels present like that weaver, enjoying the impression he was making, that only loud threats of the prize still its rest, but remained standing after all others had retired, until the pastor had requested her some time with his sermon. At length, striking a decided attention and the hearers dismissed, but while his sermon, and, addressing his new hearers, said—"Ye in a brave country; and ye have a brave suit of clothes, and we lack both—but ye may do much." The listeners drooped as if slain, and the sermon was resumed and concluded as though it had not been.

S. L. Parker's *History of Londonderry*, to which I am indebted for many facts, gives the following specimen of Mr. Clark's pulpit efforts. His theme was Peter's sentence that, "Whosoever will shall become a slave to his Master, he never would; and this was a part of his discourse:

"Jest the hole—pie man feel ourselves free from the yoke of enslavement to sin? Jest the sinner's a part jest the heart of the believer to be free? Jest the heart of a man's to be free? Jest the heart of God does he hate?"

This was a gleam of the spirit evoked in the Old Covenant.

I fear I have newhs scorrayed the perfect harmony of society in which I was born to inspire you of our Scotch-Irish pioneers—all of them Presbyterians, and all members of the congregational church—all hearing the Bible read and expounded in the same meeting-house morning at the family fireside, and these exercises followed up with the Shorter Catechism in the early pastors, having started that a parish-school must accompany the meeting-house, and grace, forthwith repaired to its dwelling, called a settlement and parish. Hence, I have witnessed and renew their devotions, and did not know that any other mode existed till I became a nore a people who loved play better or gave it more unrestrained indulgence. Their weddings, corn-huskings, and all manner of entertainments were characterized by a hilarity which greatly enjoyed games requiring considerable bodily exercise, and was not content with "views of the city, sunset, and the like." Even the funerals, where dead of the pioneers of Peterborough, N. H., were several occasions marked by the purest love in Londonderry—that, having sat through the great work of preparing the dead for log-cabin, a meeting was called to form a church, and a minister ordained. The ordination ceremony duly set forth, some one started the cheer: "I say we are such a people as have no rum!" Rum and drink—that we are not good enough to consort with—and the cry was taken up throughout by another, who, like a true Calvinist, observed: "Mr. Moderator, I say we are such a people as should have a church in Peterborough, I am sure we are such a people as have no rum." So it was.

UNTOUCHT HAPPINESS.

Old elegant dames, who are said to be happy in to give up all attempts to be so. Their wealth is a source of perplexity and their life of incompunge. The chance walk; the unexpected call; the unexpected invitation; the unexpected conversation, or accumulation.

Every body who has one or less coherence is there "Sunday clothes." Who does not know the meaning of the word? Every body has every day best of which he made intimate acquaintance with, and which he considers his property. The owner and which can be worn without fear of the wearing of the clothes, and every body knows. The honest which sits tightly in the head and which is not in the way of the hands, and stantly remind the fact that a child would be the delight of all "Sunday clothes" is that freedom which will let you forget you possess them. Who has ever been happy in "Sunday clothes" has fostered you every rules as a dusty, every day, and which you can sit down on the grass or rest to dream and rest in darkness and in the coolness. It is but to wish, and the first thing is written, or chosen, there and been written the second thing. They "subtend them selves," as the surveyors say, and are entirely unconscious. They come subsidiary, in easy, fleecy memory; not searched and found, nothing jets and conscious. They are without thought of "what people would say." They slipped out because the time had come when they *couldn't* stay in. In a word, they were banned as little children are, and consequently perfect delicious and free.

The party, the dinner, must be, because so many wires have to be pulled and kept in motion before carried out of sociability and hospitality. The politician understands this, and the summer has some daughters to dispose of. How painfully they go through with the bore of it to attain to the second stage! But the second is everyone, heaven knows, nobody would undertake either "party" or dinner, or reception, or anything else duty requires their elaboration of getting up. Once on the hour just before starting, when in flowing robe and hair, at an open window, with the music for a lamp, one can sit and laugh and discuss matters grave and gay, with no inquisitorial tribunal in the judgment on language or opinion. Or the breakfast hour, where—the coffee swallowed, with which we can defy the Presidency, or politics—the morning paper comes in to set all our tongues wagging on our favorite hobbies, and we rattle on with a devil-may-care keenness, according to temperament, and learn to listen in, and perfectly comfortable in the presence of a "pot-of" breakfast.

I solemnly swear, that the moment any body gets to be one or say a good thing, that moment he shall never be delivered of it, but shall only experience those of normal pain-giving. If you build yourself a beautiful house, and make it a home, and a neighborhood gathering—the coffee, boiling then happily unknown—each took a turn at "the breaks" and "the scutching-mill," whether she had been born to it or not. Some of the "breaks" are still on for home to a convenient "stint," which, when finished, entitled the worker to "play" with and advantage's spinning wheel, which, in my early days, was quite common in most of the houses and huts; but, as this is still, by no other sound and seems a poorly out of date from the flax grown on our farm, bleaching it to a suitable whiteness, and spinning it in the intervals of a meadow, and watering it thrice per day from a neighboring brook.

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The party, the dinner, must be, because so

SMALL I GO TO COLLEGE?—SUPPLEMENTARY ADVICE.

BY E. O. HAVEN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

Since the publication of my article in the *Ledger* of July 11th, entitled, "Shall I go to College? And If So, Why?" almost every day has brought me letters, or at least one, from young men with different parts of their courses or studies, inquiring how they, without a good supply of money, could manage to get a college course, or a thorough education. They dream about it, but cannot bring it about. I will endeavor the other readers too much if I answer them all, and all of them, as I should like to do.

Money is a good thing. Every well-trained man or woman is willing, therefore prefer one, some the other, and some both. Many have plenty, have little money, respect they have too little education, and would be glad to obtain enough of either to command the other. The world serves nothing out of nothing. Many a young person is born with a silver or golden spoon in his mouth, or takes it, and finds himself as soon as he becomes conscious of existence wrapped in costly trappings, furnished with money-bed rooms, wheeled over the turnpike or pavement in a splendid carriage, dropped into more food than he can digest, and sent to the best of schools till he realizes the sight of a bachelor. Others are fed with less spoons, or pewter, and in many garments, and in shoes, and find themselves unable for a long time to avail themselves of one of our excellent public schools.

Would it be well to change this state of things, by violence, if we could? It is not in the ordinary circumstances that make a man, but the men which make the state of the circumstances call tragedians, rebellious, cultivate their minds, respect their fellows, and develop their resources. Many others, and particularly in this country of great opportunity, and where all are free and equal before the law, are born in the middle class of society, without any particular spur to energy in the public service, and without any ambition to be anything more than they are. In the middle class, bloomers and whither before the pile of wood is burned, and the last ear of corn has been gathered and has been ratified from many misfortunes, I affirm you will not regret it. If you find yourself in this class, embrace the opportunity to enter into business or make a profession, and become a useful, honorable citizen. The world will not be finished up in the course of the next year, nor century, nor in a new country, and blind and muscle will command a high price for a long time to come, and easy to speak.

The man who ought not to go to college are those who have to be driven or coaxed. Original and devoted students are always scarce. Free colleges do but little more good than free churches, unless they are free to those who are worth all it costs to them who earn it.

The free-school system is the true and the great mass of laboring men will have time enough and day, under the present system, to investigate science, beginning naturally with those phenomena which are the most frequently presented, and, soon after, those which are the most important, in other labor—such as tunneling, or any other public, artesian well, or drilling for oil, and others who study continuously, or waste their vacation in study.

To all those who inquire, "What shall I do?" I would answer, Go to work at once, and be sure you do. Command one year's study as soon as you can. Then, if you have the time and means, finish your strict category. Aspire unless independent, and, if you can, be independent, but aim

Dress for Summer Comfort.

Horace Greeley has been engaged by Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*, to write a history of his life for that paper. The series of twelve articles, written expressly for Mr. Bonner's paper, by the President of the twelve principal Colleges of the United States, contained good advice to young men than anything we ever read. We have every young man who reads Horace's Autobiography will profit by it.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

BEAUTY IN AGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

In deepest age, O, let our will
Keep up the love of beauty still:
Let weakness only resist the frame,
That soon must coldly moulder, dying,
While yet the strong fires quiet upraise
Almost the angels' worship.

Let many wrinkles mark
And all his aspirations trace,
Let his step totter, his form bend,
Let symbols quaintly for the mind,
Symbols that show wind is for it
In the eternal element.

Let Nature yet be grand and dear,
Despite each most chilling thing!
Yet let us like the hermit's cream,
Yet see a glory beneath the world,
With its delicious harmonies
And their daily unfolded.

Yes, we will smile at coming Death,
We will wage the inner battle;
The higher shall remain to us,
And though we will make us more
Prepared to drink the beauty fanned
On that Elysium.

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO SISTERS," "HOW HE LAUGHED HIS WAY," "SELF-MADE," "FAIR BRUNETTE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE GUARD SATISFACTION.

Vanish'd half, all wasted,
Wane our dreams are passed without a trace.
SHAKESPEARE.

The grand satisfaction was received; but it did not prove so highly satisfactory after all. Grand satisfactions seldom do.

Prince Ernest was like fallen fire in his arms, supported his upon his bosom and gazed on his upturned, pallid face in pity and distress.

"Quick! you come hither, monsieur! Quick! you come hither, Doctor Dietz!" he called hastily to his own surgeon, who with the two seconds and their aids were hurrying up the road.

"Good Heaven! he is killed!" cried Count Trefelgny, himself down in a swooning position beside his friend and relieving Prince Ernest of the weight of his body.

Doctor Dietz dropped on his knee on the other side and began hastily to unbosom the clothes and examine the condition of the wounded man.

Major Zolbenhoffer bent sadly over the group.

Soon, the valet, always quiet and reliable, appeared on the scene.

Meanwhile Count Trefelgny slipped around the inside of the ring, his distress more his an excitable, selfish nature than a sorrowful affection, while dancing as fast as pale as the bloodless face before them.

Each man, of course, was not the thing of his own; each was more natural to the sight of sudden and violent death.

At length the surgeon looked up from his examination.

"Is he quite dead? Is there not the slightest hope?" exclaimed Count Trefelgny.

"He is not dead," said Dr. Dietz. Then turning to Major Zolbenhoffer he requested—"Monsieur, oblige me; send some one to the carriage for my case of instruments."

"I will go myself," answered the major, hurrying off.

"Monsieur, you do the injury; send your servant for the valet," said Doctor Dietz, turning again to Prince Ernest.

"Herbin, Herbin! There is a hue around the peduncles of that rock. Go there and procure some weed and lift it in the manner orchis was burra hack with it as fast as possible," ordered Francis, speaking eagerly, while he still supported the almost lifeless form of his friend in his arms.

Herbin ran off to the rock and began to search the water. And all this while Prince Ernest, stripped above the waist to his examination, and declaiming in his excitement, without his usually natural reserve to the question of the English language.

"My Heaven! I shall vish to kill him not! I know not what he quarrel with me because I know not what he did to me! what he has done no business to me! I am not to be insulted! I am not hungret to hold, to weaken and die! Why not? I am the slave of honor, to choose! I take her bouquet! It is the fair woman's! It is precious like herself! I love her! I love her! I put it to my heart! Why pres? Why would I do that he shall change but? shall accuse me? shall shoot me?" he exclaimed, jumping about, gesticulating, and making such havoc of English auxiliary verbs as even the most foreigners may sometimes do when speaking rapidly and excitedly.

"Upon your head down lay upon her back—I wish to probe its wound," said Doctor Dietz to Francis Heigel, as he saw Major Zolbenhoffer coming towards them, with his case of instruments.

Francis Trefelgny slowly eased the body down upon the level ground, and then gently drew his hand from under the head.

As he did so, he uttered a cry of horror.

"What is it?" demanded the doctor.

Francis held up the palm of his hand, which was crimson with clotted blood.

"Where did the wound lie?" asked the doctor.

"From the back of his head. Oh, he is quite dead; or must be soon! He is shot through the brain!" exclaimed Francis, in great excitement.

"Impossible!" cried the doctor.

"No, no, monsieur, impossible!" echoed Prince Ernest, vehemently. "I shall not shoot him! I shall not shoot him! I shall not shoot him at all! I shall aim at his right arm! I shall aim at his left arm, only for pres! I shall shoot him through the right arm, and I shall be a chasse, an accident, a misfortune! I shall not shoot him!"

While Austrian was stripping and exclaiming, and Francis was examining the back of the handsome head. The hair was matted with blood from a deep wound there.

"You are it to as I say—the ball has passed quite through the head, and come out here," said Francis Trefelgny.

"Impossible!" The ball entered the right side of the head, passed through the right lobe of the brain and is lodged into below the right cheek-bone. Son for yourself!" said the surgeon, feeling Alexander's skull-bones, so as to show the small, dark, inverted hole at which the ball had entered.

"But the wound in the back of his head——"

"Is the exit of the ball, falling and tearing the hard, sharp substance—a fragment of rock, probably."

While the surgeon spoke he was not idle. He took up some soft linen lining from one garment and the water from the other.

He carefully sponged the blood-clotted hair, and washed and plastered the wound in the head; and then he cut out the bullet, which lay little more than skin-deep under the shoulder blade. He dressed the wounds as well as circumstances would permit, and then he said:

"We had better take your friend back to his apartments at the hotel. I will continue to give him my best care there."

Francis Trefelgny assented.

Some one once more dispatched to the hut to borrow its only door, and when he returned he not only brought the door, but was followed by the kind-hearted master of the hut, bringing a load of blankets. With these material a rude litter was constructed, and upon it Alexander's form was laid. And thus he was borne upon the shoulders of Sim the valet, Knox the butler, and two laboring men who came and offered their services.

Prince Ernest returned to the hotel in his carriage. Major Zolbenhoffer and Francis Trefelgny walked behind the bearers of the wounded man.

Alexander's cab went back empty.

"I say," said the hotel-waiter to the cabman as soon as they saw him, "you took a party of goose out to the countries to look for minerals, didn't you?"

"I," answered the John.

"Well, and they found 'em—at least one of 'em did,—a beautiful round specimen of lead mineral; and he liked it so well he put it into his pocket. But I'm told it didn't agree with him!"

Alexander was carefully carried to his chamber and laid upon his bed.

Around him stood Dr. Dietz, Mr. Trefelgny, John Sims, and one or two of the domestics of the hotel.

In this more favorable position, his wounds were more carefully examined and skillfully dressed. His wounds were found to be very serious. He was relieved of his blood-stained garments and put into a fresh suit of under clothes, and again laid back upon his pillow.

During this process he had given but few signs of consciousness—only groaning slightly when he was turned, as if sudden pressure hurt his wounded chest.

And then the room was darkened.

"Now let him rest quietly," said Doctor Dietz.

"But will you not give him something?" inquired Francis Trefelgny.

"No."

"No opiate?"

"Certainly not."

"No anodyne?"

"Nothing. Let him rest for the present, only remain, as you have handed, the cold water compresses on his wounds."

"Is Prince Ernest or Hohenlinden stopping here?" inquired Francis Trefelgny, as he came up to the office.

"There be a foreigner of rank who arrived here late last night by the Southampton train."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone out for a morning ride by the sea, I think."

"Ah! you have other travellers here who arrived by the Southampton boat?"

"Yes; an American gentleman, I think; a relentin man who has gone out with his servant to look for minerals in the Nutwood Heights."

"Ah! a scientific man in search of minerals?" grunted the general.

"By the way, there were two of them, they say."

"Ah, two of them, were they? Master and man, very likely; or perhaps two gentlemen, for they took with them a servant carrying a box of tools."

"Ah! hum! yes! a box of tools! Hear my life, I wonder what that can still be really? Ah, here be comes," impatiently exclaimed General Lyon, as Weiss, who had gone after the cab, entered and reported it was ready.

The whole party entered the cab—a great one of the detectives, who, as usual, rode on the box beside the driver. This officer gave, as a general direction, the nearest route to Nutwood Heights. And the cabman took it.

At they left the town the detective further ordered:

"When we reach the foot of the heights, inquire for a man that passed some twenty minutes before us; and then follow the road taken by that cab until you come up with us."

The cabman touched his hat in acquiescence to the order.

Just at that instant the report of firearms startled their ears—reverberated through the heights and echoed and re-echoed back from rock to rock.

"My——! we are too late!" exclaimed the detective.

"Indeed I fear we are too late!" echoed the chief, but not with as close to concern the wounded," added Dick.

"Can you tell from the direction from discharge of pistols?" inquired the chief of the detective.

"Not exactly, sir; I could it would be hard to tell how from the smoke of the hunters' chimneys, or even from the sound of the echoes."

Drives then in the direction from which the report came.

"But, sir, it echoes so through the crags, its hard to determine from which side it first came from. All we can know now is, to how it came from among the rocks."

Weiss knew that the cabman was right, since he had known the echoes to deceive the ear and close to the rocks from either the sound or the direction of the report.

"Look out for the cab then and do the best you can, my man," answered the chief, impatiently.

"All right, sir," said the cabman.

But his best it seemed all wrong. They kept a sharp look-out for the cab, but in vain. Then it was now probably empty, to be escorted by its driver to the nearest livery-stable, if the driver traversed those mountain solitudes, and their former guide and servant, the hunters. The party drove on some distance further, but saw no cab and heard no more firing.

Then they turned back and struck into a cross road, which led them down to the town with no further success. Again they turned their course and took the opposite branch of the cross-road and followed it for some distance, but in vain. Finally in despair they turned their horses' heads towards the town.

"It is all over by this time, and dead or alive, they have left the ground, and we shall have a better chance of hearing of them in the town," said the chief.

The party drove rapidly towards the town but came upon a group or laborers eagerly talking and gesticulating.

"What is the matter? What has happened? Have you met the party of gentlemen?" inquired, putting his head out of the window, as the cab stopped.

"Why, your honor, there have been a row on the mountain. A duel was fought, indeed, and one on us have been shot and carried to the hotel over there in the town; and further on we've met and looked up," answered one of the laborers, with the usual slowness of the rural inhabitant.

"Which was shot?" inquired the detective.

"Why, that I can't say; but any ways it was one or the two that was left behind when the duel was fought, and the other was took and looked up."

"Where was the other shot taken?" inquired Lieutenant Lyon.

"Why, your honor, down the beaten in out the main is dead," replied the peasant, innocently misunderstanding the question.

"Drive on!" said the chief to the coach-man with a General Lyon sank back in the coach.

Whether it was Prince Ernest or Alexander, the chief could not tell. But the murderer or the murdered man, the event was the same.

There was no possible hope to the latter, but said the detective to the former.

"Drive on!" repeated swiftly as horses could go. And the coach sped.

"Where shall we stop, sir?" asked Weiss.

"Stop at the first hotel you come to," answered the chief.

"Wait now was that who was shot?" he inquired of himself.

"The American, sir; but it is hoped he will not die," said Weiss.

"He is not dead?"

"He is not dead?"

"Then Heaven for that! And the other one?"

"Heaven be for that also!"

"Thank Heaven for that also!"

"Then you have not been seen looking for this morning, were they not?"

"No, sir; we have not passed their object in coming here, and hoped to be in time to stop them. But they must have got away somehow."

"By Jupiter, sir!"

"Drive on!" ordered the chief, after a consultation of duties, along a cavalcade, and to a station.

"Pull in Number 10, sir," said Weiss, opening the door.

The veteran ascended the room, and found himself face to face with Francis Trefelgny, who had risen to see who the intruder might be.

"General Lyon!"

"Mr. Trefelgny!"

Each were the simultaneous exclamations of the friends on meeting.

"Come with Lord Killerbishous."

"I came with Lord Killerbishous."

"Where?"

"The surgeon reports favorably of his wounds, but he must be kept very quiet. Will you pass I with me into the sitting-room?—Sim, do not

"THE GRAND SATISFACTION."

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leave your master's side until I return.—This way, general," said Francis Treadgear, rising and opening a door leading into their private parlor.

"There the friends sat down together—the general twisted and soothed, Francis Treadgear regarded and entranced.

"I followed as quickly as I could after hearing of my nephew's mad purpose. I hired a chaise and pursued him, hoping to be in time to save him. I wish now that I had hired a special train from London. It would have given me a few hours' advance, and I should have found him in time," groaned the general, wiping his face.

"Take comfort, sir. It might have had a fatal termination. As it is, we have reason to thank Heaven for an unmerited mercy. Prince Ernest has escaped unhurt, and has returned to England. Lord Kilfenchiven is wounded, but not dangerously," Mr. Treadgear said with tact.

"That ends well? Yes, but who can say that this will end well? Oh, Heaven, how much trouble that young man has caused me and all who are dear to me! But he is my only brother's only son! my dear brother's only child! and in spite of all I have said and sworn I must try to save him.

"To be no more of his to you, sir? I had not known you so desired."

"Sir! the new ridiculous title, together with the estrangement that has been between us, would naturally conceal any one who had not known us previously as to the fact of our relationship. The cause was this on the Quixotic adventure—"

"Yes, sir," replied Francis Treadgear, blushing and laughing as indeed himself before the Christian soldier. "Yes, sir; after having tried in vain to dissuade my friend from the task, I resolved to see him through it."

"I am not intending to blame you, my young friend. To me, certainly, you remain no wrong; and to my unhappy nephew only kindness. For the rest, it is a matter between yourself and your own conscience. As for me, in the way of a soldier's duty, I have been in some battles, but I would not, nor do I remember any period of my youth in which I would have engaged, whether as principal or second, in any affair of honor whatever," said the brave old veteran.

"Oh, sir, that this is a vehicle; and rising from you, a very severe one," said the young counselor, mournfully.

"It is not intended as such, Francis. Men, alone, have different ideas upon these subjects. For instance, I do not believe it lawful in a man, for the gratification of his selfish feelings, or the satisfaction of an imaginary honor, to risk his life or seek the life of another. I believe it to be a high offence against the author of all life. Nor could I approve of the adventure upon which I could not invoke the blessing of Heaven.

"Which we could not do on our adventure, certainly. But I do most humbly and thankfully acknowledge Heaven's interposition and mercy on its issue."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Francis. And now will you kindly touch the bell—it is at your elbow, I see—and tell the waiter to come and show Mr. Beaumont up into this room."

Back with you? Inquired Francis, as he complied with the general's request.

"Certainly. But I not tell you so? But I let him to settle with the cabman while I run in to make inquiries of the clerk."

As the general spoke the waiter entered the room.

"Go down and find out Mr. Hammond and show him up into this room," said Mr. Treadgear.

The waiter bowed and disappeared; but soon came back and ushered in Dick.

There was a start of surprise from Dick at seeing Mr. Treadgear, and then a grave hesitation between them.

"Well, my boy, I suppose you have heard matters are not as bad as we feared?" said the general, rushing to Dick.

"Yes, sir; thank Heaven. Can I see Alexander?"

"Why, I have not seen him myself yet, except as a dubious and covered up in bandages bundle. Treadgear here turned me out of the room before I could go near him to speak.

"Invited you out; brought you in here, general," said Francis, deprecatingly.

"It amounts to the same thing, my dear fellow," said the general, good-humoredly. "But I say can Alexander's second in this mad affair," he added, turning

and rouged. She had not seen her husband since she was borne from his sight on the previous evening, for he never ventured near her while she was in what her black maid called "spagms" and "squirming tantrums;" the last being the most expressive name that could possibly have been invented for the condition of Mrs. Hastings at such interesting times.

She smiled on her liege lord this morning, and held out her finger as she languidly said:

"I have overslept myself; but no wonder, after all I suffered last night. But I forgive your naughtiness, my love, in the hope that such a thing will not occur again. When you see how unhappy it makes me to see you ruining your health and destroying the fine looks in which I take such pride, you should resolve to abandon your self-indulgent habits."

"If you would cease preaching, Laura, perhaps I might make the effort. If you had any discernment, you would have found that out long ago. I don't choose to be hectored over by my own wife, so I let her see that I will have my own way, even if it is to my own detriment."

"*Hectored* over! what a horrid, vulgar word!" exclaimed the lady, shuddering affectedly.

"By no means vulgar, for it has a classic origin, and comes from the feats of that hero of the Trojans so nobly sung by the oldest poet known to Greece. I am sorry that the word shocked your sensitive nerves."

"If you cared about shocking my nerves, you would act differently from what you do. You never seem the least sorry or repentant, although you have been the cause of such suffering to me. I shall die yet in some of these attacks; and, if justice were done, you would be held responsible for my fate."

"Yet if such a catastrophe were to occur, I should go 'unwhipt of justice,' for there is no law to punish a man because his wife gives way to her temper till it masters her completely."

"*Temper!*—temper is it, when my frame is racked by suffering, and my heart almost broken by your cruel want of consideration for me. Mr. Hastings, there are moments in which I wish that I had never seen you."

"I sincerely wish that you never had, Mrs. Hastings, for we should both have been better apart. I have lived in a whirlwind since I have been your husband; and it seems that even now, when we have a grown up daughter to witness our quarrels, you will not suffer peace to reign in her home. I have resolved on one thing, and that is, that I will no longer submit to your caprices; and if you do not treat me with more respect, I will shake the dust of this place off my feet, and go—God knows whither, but to some place as far distant from you as can be found in this miserable world."

She looked into his set face, and saw that he was deeply in earnest. Her heart gave a great bound, for she loved him in spite of the tyranny to which she habitually subjected him, and in a changed tone she said:

"I only speak for your good, William. Don't look at me so, for you know that I am devoted to you—that I could not live without you. Don't talk in that dreadful way, or I shall be ill again."

"Very well, Laura. I will not, if you will be on your good behavior. You make me so unhappy at times that I am ready to do anything desperate. You don't understand me, or you would take a different course to influence me."

She came to his side, laid her hand upon his arm, and looking up into his face with eyes filled with tears, almost humbly said:

"Forgive me this once, William, and I will try to do better. But indeed you exhaust my patience and humiliate me by—by—well, you know what, so I will not speak of it."

He looked down at her, sighed wearily, and sadly replied:

"Let 'the dead past bury its dead,' Laura. I promise not to exceed bounds to-day, and I will make an effort to refrain from drinking more than is good for me. Of late, I know that I have exceeded bounds, but I have been very unhappy, and that was the only escape from the burden that oppresses me. Let there be a truce between us, for here comes Opal; and the poor child will be most happy to see that we are reconciled."

The young girl was indeed rejoiced to see them standing amicably together, and she smiled brightly as she sprang into the carriage after her mother. Mr. Hastings mounted his horse and slowly followed them, thinking and planning for the future, almost repenting the arrangement he had made to bring Nina Gordon beneath his roof, yet repudiating the suspicion that she could become the agent of evil to any member of his household.

On this bright morning, he thought far more of her than of the recent reconciliation with his wife, and his final conclusion was that it was best for her to come. He must provide for her in some way; and the one he had chosen seemed to be the only means of doing so that was open to him.

When Mr. Hastings reached Magnolia, he found the little party gathered in the spacious drawing-room, the elder ladies near the bright wood-fire that sparkled on the hearth, and the young people gathered in a group around a portfolio of engravings, which they were looking over and discussing.

As this was Saturday, Dora and Jenny were at home; and most happy were they to be near the brother of whom they were so proud and fond. They caressed his hands, played with his amber curls, and showed in every way the delight his presence afforded them. Opal noted with an observant eye the affectionate playfulness with which Fenton submitted to these demonstrations; and, with a half sigh, she admitted to herself that the lover chosen for her by her parents was amiable and considerate of others, and she thought that it might not be impossible to learn to love him.

She resolutely put aside the dream that had begun to mingle with her maiden fancies, and hoped that Guy was not so much attached to her as his manner of late had led her to believe. Her destiny was fixed—no effort of her own could change it, so she must submit to be given in marriage to the handsome and fascinating man who, on this day, set himself seriously to the task of winning her from the rival he both hated and feared. Guy Denham should never take her from him—he was determined on that; and, after Fenton's return home on the previous night, he had distinctly pledged his word to his mother that he would do all in his power to hasten his union with Opal Hastings. If they were to be united at all, it was safer and better to have their marriage completed as soon as possible and thus baffle the efforts Nina Gordon would doubtless make to produce a rupture between them.

Fenton observed that the manner of Opal was much more shy and reserved than on the previous day, and he readily surmised that her father had given her to understand that he intended to maintain his claim on her hand. How much she had been told concerning Inez he did not know, but to-day he was ready to protest to her that, through all his other love experiences, she had never for one moment lost the hold on his heart gained by her childish attractions.

Fenton would not pause to think how false he was to both these women; he felt that the necessity of a speedy decision, and as rapid action, left him no choice. Convinced that Inez was out of the question as his future wife, he was resolute that so fair a prize as Opal should not escape him through any lack of ardor on his part.

Already was his inconstant heart inflamed by her beauty, and he was ready to vow that no other girl had awakened such profound emotions of regard in his susceptible heart. Mrs. Markland looked on with joyful satisfaction, and determined before the day was over to speak with Mr. Hastings on the subject of an immediate union between the young people. It could do no good to defer their marriage a year, and she was most anxious to place between her son and Inez Lopez a barrier that could not be overleaped in a moment of desperate and rebellious passion; for, after what had passed between them on the night of Fenton's return, she could not feel entirely sure of him till the knot was actually tied that bound him fast to the bride she had chosen for him.

After greeting Mrs. Markland, Mr. Hastings drew near the young people, and pinching Dora's cheek, said:

"You are growing almost as tall and pretty as Opal, my dear. But, before you dream of a lover for yourself, you shall act as bridesmaid for her, and we will have the grandest wedding that was ever given in the county, or perhaps the state!"

Opal flushed painfully, and Jenny archly said:

"I know who the groom is to be, and of course Dora will be first bridesmaid. I only wish that I was tall enough to stand up too, but I suppose I'll have to stay with the children."

And she curled her lip contemptuously.

"I will tell you how we'll manage that, Jenny. We'll have candle-bearers to light the bride on her way, as was the fashion in my young days, and you shall be one of them."

The little girl clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"That will be splendid! and I'll hold my candle so straight as not to drop the wax on my dress and spoil it. I intend to wear a white tulle looped up with roses. Mamma will think that simple enough for a child like me I hope."

"I don't doubt it; and, as you are such a connoisseur in dress, Jenny, perhaps you will give Opal a hint of what her's should be on that auspicious occasion?"

"Of course I will," replied the voluble child, with extreme gravity. "As Opal is a great heiress, she must have satin and real lace—lace as fine and costly as that worn by the Princess Royal of England when she was married. She must have diamonds on her neck and arms, but her head must be crowned with orange-blossoms, because all brides wear them."

Opal was bending over a picture called "The Lover's Parting," but she did not see it. She was trembling with agitation, and rapidly changed color, for she knew that Fenton's eyes were fixed on her, and she felt almost angry with her father for subjecting her to so painful an ordeal by his idle prattle with the self-sufficient little girl.

Dora added to her confusion by saying, in a distinct whisper:

"Taat picture represents you and Godfrey, when he goes to New Orleans to get his wedding outfit—only the girl's hair is black, and your's is brown. It's a pity the artist did not give her light hair."

Fenton overheard her, and he glanced down at the colored lithograph on which Opal's eyes were mechanically fixed. He started with a painful sense of guilt, for the scene it represented brought vividly to his mind that last parting scene with Inez, in which he had vowed before Heaven to be true to her. There was an expression in the dark, imploring eyes; in the drooping grace of the figure, that brought her image as a living reality before him; and for a moment he felt almost stunned. In that instant he knew that Inez had lost no portion of her power over his heart, and he could have cursed himself for the base desertion he had so readily determined on.

The voice of his mother aroused him from his painful trance, and he came back to the present resolutely thrusting aside such inconvenient memories as intruded upon him.

Dinner was announced, and on this day he had Opal all to himself. He sat beside her, and sedulously devoted himself to her, talking with a brilliancy that was born of the unrest that devoured his soul.

What he meant to do should be done quickly, that no loophole of escape or repentance might remain. He would place his matrimonial destiny beyond his own control, and *then* he would be able to exorcise the past and think only of the auspicious future opening before him. He drank several glasses of champagne, and under their exhilarating influence felt nerved for the ordeal through which he intended to pass before the day was over.

Opal was unusually silent, and she scarcely tasted the tempting viands that were offered in succession to her. When the elaborate dinner was at last over, she was glad to escape from the scent of food by taking refuge in the open air.

The afternoon was soft and clear, and she managed to evade the children, hoping to gain a few moments alone in the seclusion of a summer-house situated in a wilderness of shrubbery in the lower end of the large garden.

With a weary sigh she threw herself on the rustic seat it contained and pitifully murmured:

"I see it—I feel it—I must—I *must* obey the wishes of my father; yet—yet, I feel tempted to follow the dictates of my own heart. Godfrey intends to marry me—I understand that plainly enough, and I—I wonder if I *can* love him as he deserves to be loved? He fascinates me—he enthralls me in some mysterious way; yet I am sure it is not love. No—no—it is not the attraction of love—I know it is not; yet it is my duty to cultivate that feeling for him. I must teach myself the lesson they have set me, and—oh, Heavens! here he comes to demand the ratification of the contract that was made for us, and there is no escape for me."

She recognized the eager step that drew near her place of seclusion, and bitterly regretted that she had afforded Fenton an opportunity of speaking with her in private. She intuitively knew what he came to say, and dreaded hearing it.

Fenton came blithely forward, sat down beside her, and taking her passive hand in his own, tenderly said:

"This is a happiness I had scarcely dared to hope for, Opal—*my* Opal, is it not so? All day have I been panting for the opportunity to tell you with what passionate sentiments of affection you have inspired me. Our parents long ago decided that we should marry, Opal; but their wishes would have little weight with me if I did not adore you. Your consent to give me your hand will render me the happiest and proudest of men."

She looked up at him and suddenly asked:

"To how many others have you uttered the same protestations, Mr. Fenton? I have been told that you found charms, superior in your estimation to mine, while you were far away; then how can I believe that your professions are sincere?"

Nothing daunted, he earnestly said:

"Look into my eyes, Opal, and you will see that I mean every word I utter. Do not doubt me, dearest, because slandering tongues have tried to poison your mind against me, by misrepresenting a mere flirtation that meant nothing. Everything is over between the lady you refer to and myself, and I am at your feet to be made the happiest or the most miserable of men."

He arose and gracefully dropped on one knee before her, but he did this that he might have a fair look into the agitated face which she had turned so persistently from him that he could see nothing of its expression as he sat beside her.

Fenton saw that her doubts were melting before his asseverations, for she looked down on him with dewy eyes, and her lips relaxed into a faint smile as she asked:

"Are you *sure*, Godfrey, that the gift of my love will make you as happy as you say it will? Do not seek to deceive me, nor play the traitor to your own heart, for it is of the last importance to both of us that we shall fully understand what we desire."

"I have but one wish, Opal, and that is to make you my wife at as early a day as possible. The sooner our marriage can take place the better it will be for me, and I hope for you, my dearest girl."

In a tone of alarm she cried:

"But there is no question of an immediate marriage, Godfrey. Such is not my father's wish, nor—nor my own. When he spoke to me on this subject this morning, he said that we would have a year in which to understand our feelings toward each other. I am too young to marry yet."

"I do not think so, Opal. You are a woman in person, and your mind is developed beyond your years. Let mine be the precious task to develop your heart and affections, and I shall feel myself the most fortunate of men. Consent that our union shall take place immediately; there is no necessity for delay, and I am most anxious to make you all my own before your heart has had a chance to receive other impressions. To win your virgin affections is the sweetest hope of my life, and, blessed with them, I feel that I shall have won all that is needed to make my future blessed. Let me become your husband without any delay that can be avoided."

An almost imperceptible shiver thrilled through her frame, and she hurriedly said:

"No—no—it cannot be, dear Godfrey. Eloquently as you plead; earnest as you seem to be, I must refuse to give you my hand before the stipulated year is out. Grant me that grace, I entreat, and say nothing to papa about a speedy marriage. I must not consent to it, for I do not yet fully understand my own heart. I love no other, yet I shrink from the thought of giving myself irrevocably to you."

"Opal—darling, that is but the natural feeling of every young girl when she first listens to words of love; but you will get over it, love. You will gradually accustom yourself to think of me as the companion of your future life, and you will be wrought on to consent to name an early day for our union. Since it is to be, there is no good reason for deferring it longer than is necessary to prepare a trousseau befitting so peerless a bride as you will be. Oh, Opal! I could not bear the delay of a whole year. I know not what might happen in that interval to separate us forever."

"But what could happen, Godfrey? I am willing to consider my hand as plighted to you; to bring my heart into subjection to the wishes of those who love me best; but it is asking too much of me when you insist that I shall become yours before I have had time to learn to love you. I would not deceive you for the world, Godfrey, and I have known too little of you in the last few years to wind my affections around you all at once. Give me the stipulated year, I entreat, in which to make up my mind to this important change in my destiny. Nothing can sever us but your will or my own, and if either of us should wish to recede from the contract, it will surely be better to retain the power of doing so, before an irrevocable vow is taken at the altar."

"Opal," he passionately said, "your coolness drives me mad. I tell you that the girl who is coming hither as your governess, may step between us; she may make a breach between us that can never be healed. Consent to marry me at once, and all Nina Gordon's arts will be effectually baffled."

She made an effort to release her hands which he had forcibly imprisoned in his own, and coldly said:

"Miss Gordon, I already understand, thinks that you have not treated her well. I do not judge you, Godfrey, and your flirtation with her may not have been looked on by you as wrong; but you must have a very poor opinion of me if you think anything she would dare to say against you would be listened to by me. No—if I trust you at all, I trust you implicitly. I have consented to become your wife at some future day, and I shall hold your honor sacred from the attacks of any one. Miss Gordon will never be permitted to say to me aught that is not fitting to be spoken of you to your betrothed."

Fenton arose and leaned against the doorway, looking down on her with an expression she could not interpret. In a sad tone, he said:

"I thank you for that assurance, Opal. It is worthy of you, and half consoles me for your opposition to what I so earnestly desire. This young girl is my bitter foe; twice has she threatened to avenge herself on me for the imaginary wrong I did her in leading her to suppose that my attentions were more than friendly. I sought her acquaintance because she reminded me of you; that was the sole attraction, I solemnly swear, though she deluded herself with the belief that I loved her. But she is the 'counterfeit presentment' beside the true gem, and you alone are mistress of my heart."

Opal looked up at him, smiled faintly, and replied:

"I am willing to believe you, Godfrey, but let me have a little time to fathom my own heart, and bring out all its capacity for loving, before I plight my faith to you. Surely that is not asking too much."

"It is only asking that which I feel incapable of granting, Opal. I shall see you every day for weeks to come, and, at the end of another month, I shall again press for a speedy union. By that time you will know me better; you will understand how dear you are to me, and I am vain enough to hope that I shall have been able to elicit a corresponding emotion in your heart. If you love me ever so little then, will you promise to listen more favorably to my proposal of an immediate marriage? We will make a bridal trip to Europe; I have never travelled except on this continent, and together we will explore the old world, finding day by day something to prize and love in each other even more than the wonders of art, and beauty to be enjoyed there."

The bait was well presented, for Fenton knew that Opal was most anxious for such a tour; that she had looked forward to it through all her short life as its crowning joy. She was so young, so untried, so ignorant of her own needs, that she listened to this suggestion with a bounding heart. She smiled on him with all her native brightness, and, extending her fair hand to him, softly said:

"I will think of what you have said, Godfrey, and if I can gain the consent of my own heart, and papa is willing to give me up so soon, perhaps your wishes may be fulfilled. But I am to have a month to make up my mind, remember; and if I recede, then you will not urge me further till the year is gone."

"I will not; I pledge you my honor I will not," cried Fenton, beaming with rapture at this concession. "Oh, Opal, I will not doubt my power to win you, for such love as I feel for you must meet its reward."

He did not attempt to kiss her. He had too much tact for that. He only lifted her hand to his lips with fervent pressure, and she thanked him in her heart for his forbearance; for, after what had just passed between them, he surely had the right to kiss her if he chose to do so.

Fenton remembered the last passionate kiss he had pressed upon the lips of Inez; and although he did not scruple to secure his own interests by making love to her rival, he shrank from taking Opal in his arms, and bestowing on her the caress which he felt would be profanation to the pure and maidenly creature who had just given him her troth.

She arose, and quietly said:

"We will return to the house now. It is getting late, and mamma will be anxious to return home."

Fenton drew her arm through his, and as they walked slowly forward he said:

"There is one thing I must require of you, Opal. Guy loves you; he makes no concealment of it; and I saw indications yesterday that made me a little jealous. *Men* may flirt with impunity, dearest, but no man likes to see his betrothed too attractive to another."

He felt that she shivered, but she calmly replied:

"Mr. Denham has never told me that he loves me, and I have no right to believe it until he does so. You need have no fear of him. I shall not again permit him to approach me as he did yesterday. I understand too well what is due to our relations toward each other."

"Thanks, dearest. Freed from Guy's rivalry, I am persuaded that I shall be able to win all that I have asked. Only let me devote myself to you without any disturbing element, and my adoring love must win its way to your gentle and affectionate heart."

By this time they had gained the entrance to the house, before which the carriage was waiting; and when they entered the drawing-room mischievous glances greeted them from the two girls.

Jenny came up to Opal and whispered in her ear:

"Kiss me, sister, for I see from your face that Godfrey has gained your consent to become such. I hope it won't be long before I shall have my tulle dress looped with roses."

"You absurd child, that is only fitting attire for a young lady. Wait till the occasion comes, and then you shall have a white silk, with a lace tucker."

Jenny pouted, and Dora softly said:

"I hope we shall have the wedding very soon, and I think we shall, for mamma and Mr. Hastings have been talking it over; and I overheard her say that it is of no use to put it off, and it will be safer and better to have it over at once."

Opal crimsoned, and cast a half-resentful glance toward Mrs. Markland, but another one at the handsome and animated face of Fenton made her think how ungrateful she was for all the affection lavished on her.

Poor child! how was she to distinguish the true from the counterfeit, especially when love was so well simulated? and she left Magnolia with the conviction that, in the estimation of Godfrey Fenton, she was the dearest of God's creatures.

Mrs. Markland whispered a few words in her ear as they separated, and Opal sank back in the carriage in a strange whirl of feeling, for the assurance was thus conveyed to her that her father, on whose opposition she had relied to save her from the too ardent pursuit of her lover, had given his consent to an immediate marriage.

What influence had been brought to bear upon him which could induce him to do this? Opal vainly asked herself. She was bewildered and frightened by the suddenness of the whole thing, and she could not divest herself of the feeling that she was hovering on the brink of a precipice from which she felt herself powerless to recede. The hand that pushed her over its brink would be that of her own father; and, although she shivered and shrank in every fibre of her frame from the last fatal plunge, she felt that she would be forced to make it without the entire consent of her own heart.

The first moment she found herself alone with her father, she threw herself sobbing upon his breast, and cried out:

"What have you done, papa? Why should you have consented that my marriage shall be hurried on? I shall not have time to know whether I am taking Godfrey because I love him or because he said he would take me to Europe. I made a foolish promise when he said he would—but I regret it already. I do not wish to marry any one yet, papa."

To this outburst, Mr. Hastings soothingly replied:

"You will think differently about it, my love, when you have had time to overcome your agitation and view things calmly. There is really no reason why the marriage which is eventually to take place shall be postponed. Godfrey is extremely anxious that no delay shall take place, and I really could not bring forward any valid objection when Mrs. Markland set forth all the reasons in its favor. Godfrey is a noble and true man, and it is as well for you to secure a good husband now as at some future day."

"*Secure him!*—I don't wish to secure him. He may go if he chooses, and I should not break my heart over his loss. I do not understand how I feel toward him; when Godfrey talks with me, I seem to be under a spell, and I have no power to resist his specious pleadings; but, when I am away from him, something cries aloud in my soul and warns me that he is not its true mate. Oh, papa, pity me and save me from—from—making a precipitate marriage, which may end in supreme wretchedness to your poor Opal!"

"Hush! hush! darling. You must not talk in this strain. You must not give way to such chimerical fancies. Opal, you *must* marry Godfrey Fenton, if you would save me from disgrace. Make the sacrifice, if it be such, without these bitter wailings over your lot. Refuse to give him your hand by the twentieth of next month, and all is ended for me. I will go away, and find some place in which to hide my dishonored head for the remnant of my unhappy life. It rests with you to decide what my fate shall be."

Opal raised herself from his bosom, and regarded him with terror. His face was paler than her own, and there was an expression on it that chilled her to the soul. She tremulously asked:

"Has it come to this, that I must sacrifice myself to save you from—*What*—for I do not understand the danger that menaces you."

"Nor can I explain it," he mournfully replied; "but my fate rests with you. I leave you free to decide for yourself, and—and—for me."

The solemnity with which the last words were spoken left her no room for doubt, and with a cry of anguish she exclaimed:

"Then there is no alternative! I give myself away at your command; but oh! my father, my heart is not in this contract. It is not. I feel—I know it now when it is too late."

"It will be, my darling child; for no mortal woman can resist such a man as Godfrey, when he swears that he loves her beyond all others; and I believe, I am sure that he thus regards you."

Opal shook her head, sighed heavily, and escaped to her own room to weep more bitterly than she had ever wept in her life. Alone, she stood face to face with her own soul, and she knew then that another was dearer to her than the man to whom she had promised her hand.

But she was brave and meant to be true, and she silently closed that portal in her heart and vowed to make every effort to give it up to her betrothed. For her father's sake this sacrifice must be made, and she would not make it with a shrinking and unwilling heart if she could help it.

Mrs. Hastings was informed that night of what had taken place between the betrothed pair, and although she was surprised that Opal had consented to so early a marriage, she was delighted with the prospect of the bustle of preparation, and entered heart and soul into the details of the trousseau.

Orders were dispatched to New Orleans for a splendid one to be prepared, and her soul revelled in anticipations of the exquisite toilettes she ordered both for her daughter and herself.

Day after day Fenton came to Silvermere, and if the truth must be told, he prospered in his wooing. He rode, walked and drove with Opal, and made himself so charming that she began to believe that her father's words would prove true, and her betrothed find himself as irresistible to her as he had been to others.

Yet at moments a timid dread would steal over her, and at such times nothing held her to her pledges save the memory of her father's strange words. For *him* she could do anything, and after all, did he not ask her to accept as her husband the most devoted lover that maiden ever had?

Thus this inexperienced creature reasoned, and the days glided on till three out of the five weeks granted her were gone, yet she was no nearer the solution of the important question, Do I love him? than she had been in the first hour of her bondage. She walked blindly forward, reckless now of what the future might bring.

Through all her transitions of feeling, Fenton anxiously watched her, for he was now as eager in pursuit of her as even his mother could have desired. Her coy reticence, the fluctuations of her manner toward himself had awakened something of the feeling of the sportsman who dashes on in pursuit of the frightened hare; and Fenton persuaded his own heart that it desired Opal Hastings above all others as the sweet partner of all its joys and sorrows.

A letter came from Inez informing him that the health of her father was rapidly failing, and nothing had yet been heard from the missing will; but it scarcely moved him now. He had turned away from the past, put it behind him forever, and he could almost smile when he recalled the hours of anguish their recent parting had inflicted on him.

He did not reply to her; what could he have said? He had already written to her informing her that his mother was immovable in her opposition to their union, and he had nothing further to add. He could not bring himself to tell her that he was on the eve of marriage with another while his kisses were yet scarcely cold upon her lips; so he left it to chance to reveal to the forsaken girl all the height and depth of the perfidy he was about to consummate by taking to his arms an unwilling bride.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A NEGRO BOY IN THE WEST INDIES.

The negro boys there are the most cunning imps I have ever had to do with. I recollect on my last voyage to Jamaica, while my vessel was lying in St. Anne's Bay, I had to go to Port Maria to look for some cargo; and on my way thither, near Ora Cabeca, I came to one of the numerous small rivers that empty themselves into the little bays along the coast—I think it was the Salt Gut. When at some distance, I had observed a negro boy belaboring a mule most heartily; but before I got up he had left off his thumping and dismounted, and now appeared in earnest talk with his beast, which, with forelegs stretched out firm, and ears laid down, seemed proof against all arguments to induce him to enter the water. Quashie was all animation, and his eyes flashed like fire-flies.

"Who—o! you no go ober? Berry well—me bet you fippenny me make you go—No? Why for you no bet? Why for you no go ober?" Here the mule shook his ears to drive off the flies, which almost devour the poor animals in that climate. "Oh! you do bet—berry—den me try."

The young rascal (he was not more than ten years old) disappeared in the bush, and returned in a few seconds with some strips of fan-weed, a few small pebbles, and a branch of the cactus plant. To put three or four pebbles in each of the mule's ears, and tie them up with the fan-weed, was but the work of a minute. He then jumped on the animal's back, turned round, put the plant to his tail, and off they went, as a negro himself would say, "like mad, Massa." Into the water they plunged, the little fellow grinning and showing his teeth with perfect ecstasy. Out they got on the other side,—head and ears down, tail and heels up, and the boy's arms flying about as if they did not belong to him; and I lost sight of him as he went over the rocky steep at full gallop, where one false step would have precipitated them into the sea beneath, from whence there would have been but a small chance of escape. No, no, a butcher's boy is nothing to a negro boy—the one may ride like the devil, but the other is the very devil himself riding.

"Did you see any more of him, sir?" inquired a young lady opposite.

"Yes, madam; about two hours afterwards I reached Port Maria, and in an open space near the stores there sat, or rather lay, young Quashie eating cakes; and there also stood the mule eating guinea grass, and looking much more cheerful than when I first saw him at Salt Gut. 'Well, Quashie,' I said, 'you have got here, I see, but which of you won?' 'Quashie win, massa—Quashie neber lose.' 'But will he pay?' I inquired. 'Quashie pay himself, massa. You see, Massa Buccra, massa gib Quashie tenpenny-bit for grass for mule. Quashie bet fippenny him make him go ober de Gut—Quashie win—Quashie had fippenny for cake, mule hab fippenny for grass.'"

An Easy Place.

John Elwes, the famous miser, had a servant, whose daily occupations were as various and incongruous as can well be imagined. At four o'clock in the morning he milked the cows; then got breakfast for Mr. Elwes and his friends; then, slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel and set off to officiate as huntsman and whipper-in, in the field. Returning, he refreshed himself after his fatigues by rubbing down two or three horses as fast as he could; then ran into the house and waited at dinner; then again to the stable to feed the horses, diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. And yet the old miser used to call him an idle dog, who wanted to be paid his wages for doing nothing!

Man.

During his days of youthful enthusiasm every man promises himself a career of perfect happiness—of stainless respectability—of matchless honor. We flatter ourselves that the world will reform itself for our sake. We anticipate a faultless partner in our future bride, and cheat ourselves with the expectation that the even current of destinies will flow over sands of gold. Alas! the first self-deception we are compelled to resign becomes a bitter trial to our fortitude; but, one after another, we see these cherished visions fade away—we inure ourselves to the degree of mediocrity which is our allotted portion—and, finally, learn to be contented with such dirty scraps as the charity of fortune throws in our way.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

THE MORNING RIDE.

BY MRS. P. S. DONNALL.

Hark! the neighing of my steed
Calls me out of bluid and speed;
Quick! the jaunty cap put on,
As my riding suit I don;
Then, with gleeve, and day whip,
Off to "Rosemary" I skip.
Up on back the critter I fling,
Off we gallop, on the wing.
Now away, my steed and I,
Over the hills and dales we fly;
Oh! 'tis joyous thus to be,
Riding fearless, wild and free!

Lo! the sun in majesty up;
Dewdrops fill each buttercup;
Sweet perfume is on the breeze,
Wafted from the locust trees;
And, 'tis all my heart loves,
Paths with sweet, fresh, kissed there,
Where the wild flowers grow in clusters,
Like the staff of fairy tales.
Blessing on on ocean vast,
By my spirited fancy cast,
Onward—onward—still we ride;
"Rosemary" knows, he will not slack
If the right, or left to take;
Oh! 'tis joyous thus to be,
Ride we to the meadow lane;
Ride we "Bonnie?" mind the rein—
Over our heads the canopy vine
Coily round the branches twine;
Here, the harvests of golden sheaves,
On the leaves do shimmer bright;
Here, the cattle are grazing free,
From the hedge, and all about
On the ground, and under grass
Full, pink blossoms we see pass
Step on—"Bonnie," to the mire,
Where with roses blooming bare
I would pluck from fairy bowers
Ere I'd leave the meadow lane
In thy footsteps place I—say
Now you're looking him and gay;
Oh! 'tis joyous, darling mine,
Fly onward on my chair,
That cause anger blaze of fire
Hath thrown down upon the ground.
Now, my steed, I'll make you pay—
Ah! don't shake your proud head—"Bonnie"
Gaily out and down rising,
While I ride a merry song,
Hark! the birds the chorus take!
All the woods with life awake!
Oh! 'tis joyous thus to be
Riding fearless, wild and free!

Homegrant now by bobolink bars,
Through the hedge of hawthorn trees;
Swift am flying, my "Bonnie" across,
Now the fence, and setting sun
Rainbow over brook we leap,
Over golden, rough and deep!
Leaping clouds of dust behind,
To the hoss and fields wind!
Oh! 'tis joyous thus to be
Riding fearless, wild and free!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXII.

By STEPHEN COBB, Jr.

THE BATTLE.

In my last "Scrap" I left the two sloops-of-war just after the Frenchman had lifted away; and this was the position: To avoid being raked, the Bristol had hauled upon the wind with her starboard tacks aboard, and when the last shot came had given her midshipmen to the wind, the vessel was very nearly on the same course. We were both heading to the eastward, but the Bristol was somewhat ahead of us, and was drawing gradually nearing each other. At 4 P. M. it looked as if because of our coming down to the Bristol's lee through the perfect working of the guns and men's movements, we should be the first of the two pounding at the Frenchman's deck; and we were, too, the smoking match-ropes waiting to be applied to the primings of the guns that were soon to be hurling death and destruction into our midst.

One thing was evident: the Frenchman was not afraid of us; and probably the reason why he did not hurry up the fight was, that he had orders not to engage an enemy while acting as a convoy unless attacked. In the meantime the very measured slope were steadily away to the northward; but Cook, Trevelyan did not seem to be afraid of losing them by their running away. If he could overcome the convoy, he could easily overtake the Indiaman afterwards. He and Mr. Allyn were upon the poop calculating the distance between the two vessels, and they had just concluded that it would be well to open the fight with a broadside, when we saw the flash of fire and the billowing smoke start out from the Frenchman's side. The whistling of the balls over our heads and the reports of the guns reached us at the same instant. I think I heard the balls first; but the difference was hardly perceptible. With the exception of myself, not one man upon the deck of the Bristol such sincere as to never heard such a whistling overhead as we heard on this occasion.

"Stand by your Division!" ordered the captain. "Fire as soon as you get your bearing, and keep it up!"

And his order terminated in a rather explicit direction that we should give to the men on the third tier of that unfortunate state in which words the Bigsby humbly.

I know it was prudent; but this was cruel to the poor fellows who bore the last part of the order from first to last. And I have thought of it many times since, that the burning of gunpowder is not only important to overcome a human, but that the cracking and tearing of shot and shell, the shouts of the fighters, and the howls and groans of the maimed and dying, are more easily allied to the fancy than the sight of a thing else; and I have not wondered that those who are called upon to direct a battle would draw somewhat literally from the vocabulary of the the great library of Man.

I will not bide the fact that thus far I had experienced a sense of unpleasantness in the region of the heart, and that I was forced to clutch my handkerchief with all my power to keep my nervousness from showing itself. But I was not the only one. No, no. On all hands I could see pale lips and quivering limbs: for there were others who had never been in battle before. Mr. Meiklejohn watched the roll of the ship, and as the proper moment he gave the order to fire.

It was the first time I had ever felt the effect of a broadside, and I found there was a terrible activity; but I did not stop to consider; I only caught one look out at the port to see what the effect would be upon the enemy, and then I sprang to assist in re-loading. So you see that what I saw when I looked out at the port! I saw a dense mass of smoke, and nothing else; but I heard the captain cry from the poop that we had silenced the Frenchman's broadside.

But the moment was at hand when my manhood was to leave me, and only the brute remain—the part that knows no fear or mercy—was to possess me.

Jack Bylngton handled the sponge and rammer of our gun on the forward side. We loaded and fired once, and the second charge of powder had been rammed home, when young Crawley, a midshipman, came with an order from Mr. Meiklejohn that we should double-shot. The double-header instead of with a round shot. The round shot had already Jack dropped his sponge-staffs of the gun, and the gun to take it, so that the double-headed shot might be passed on without delay. He had just taken the ball in his hands, when I heard a cloop that struck a sickening sensation to every point of feeling within me—there was a splash of something into my face that blinded me—a warm, noisome mass, and when I had put up my hands to wipe it away, I found them red with blood—and my shirt, but with the blood of Jack Bylngton, the brave part of whose head had been literally smashed and torn into shreds by a double-headed shot that had been fired during the short.

From that moment I knew no more fear. On the instant I was changed into a furious beast; and as I helped to drag those horribly mangled remains away from the gun, I could, all alone, have mounted the Frenchman's deck and struck out for vengeance; and I was not the only one who felt thus. As I came again to my station, I saw that the expression upon the faces of the crew had changed. They had met the death, and now for a chance at those who had sent it. If we could at that moment have been laid along-side the enemy, Mr. McGregor would have found his boarders ready.

I cannot possibly tell you all the manœuvres of our ship during that movement. During the first part of it I was busy at my gun, but most of the time the master was so near that the Frenchman was hidden from my sight. At length, however, the fire seemed to be brought by mutual consent; for as we were then going on, we were simply two sloops-of-war side by side, so that both were able to go down. Capt. Trevelyan would have put up his helm and run the enemy by the board, but it not been that

the brush of this poop to the deck was almost swept away, and both bulwarks were unshipped, we had got either to leap that distance with our guns down by the muzzle of the gigg. When we looked to see where we should be, we found a long water-gun on the main-deck, and if we went down by the rigging, we could get out as fast as we could run, and there was no time for consideration. I had barely reached the main-deck—must, when, up from the thronging deck below us, came a shower of bullets from the Frenchman's muskets. Mr. Meiklejohn upon my right hand, and Paddy Cummings was upon my left. Both men fell, with Mr. Meiklejohn were the foremost of our division. I saw that Cummings, like myself, was unhurt, and I sprang and ran, striking away another ball as I went.

Mr. Allyn had already got his men together, other times when engaged on the main deck, I struck of "round shot" from the leap. I struck of "round shot" from the leap. I struck of "round shot" from the leap.